

Another One Is Here.

Another Christmas has passed and another New Year has come.

1910!

We most heartily welcome you. May you be the best year of our existence.

We hope our friends and customers will all help us to make you a banner year—morally, religiously, socially, politically, financially and physically. We will look after the physical well-being of the country if our friends, neighbors and customers will do the rest of the job.

Ninety per cent of the people are diseased and don't know what ails them. At least ninety per cent of this ninety per cent suffer with back and kidney troubles and do not know what to take to relieve them, but lately about ten per cent of this ninety per cent has learned that

Hallums Backache and Kidney Pills

is the best known corrective for these ailments.

Don't take our word for it—we have the testimony of your neighbors who have used the pills with most gratifying results.

Still selling them at 50c per box or 5 boxes for \$2.50 and money back if you are not satisfied.

By mail at same price.

We are behind every statement we make and you have no trouble with our goods—You can see us "face to face" and talk the matter over.

No long letters, no "fake offers," no sending you a substitute, no dodging by telling you that you failed to follow directions, such as the mail-order fake medicine concerns generally puts up with you.

Ours is a fair and square business proposition. We have something that we know is all right and if it doesn't do what we claim for it you get your money back "and no questions will be asked."

"Nip it in the bud," that pain in the back, loins and kidneys, is a warning to you. Get rid of it with

Hallum's Backache and Kidney Pills.

Manufactured and sold by

PICKENS DRUG COMP'Y.

Masonic Building,

Pickens, S. C.

We thank our customers for the very liberal patronage given us in the past and hope to merit a larger share in the future.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our friends for their liberal patronage which has made 1909 the best year's business we ever had.

Wishing one and all a happy, healthy and successful 1910.

CRAIG BROTHERS.

ONE-PRICE CASH MERCHANTS

COLOR in Fabrics



Will be a marked feature of the fall and winter season; a great variety of beautiful patterns is being shown.

Some of the new colorings are so attractive that men are apt to neglect the plain blue serge or black Thibet.

We advise you to have at least one good blue or black suit, in addition to the fancy, colored weaves; and a black or Oxford Gray Overcoat, in addition to the fancy fabric.

This permits a change, and gives each suit a rest; to get cleaned and pressed. It prolongs the life of all your clothes, to treat them this way.



Look into our show windows, you will see there a display of new models from some of the foremost makers, they represent the latest fashions, and you will spot them at once as winners.

Yours to please,

L. ROTHCHILD'S,

GREENVILLE, S. C.

HIS MUTE PLEADERS

By DORA HASTINGS

(Copyright.)

The time was morning, the scene a farm-house kitchen; the actors, two people, man and woman. The woman, Amy by name, was small in stature, light in frame and quick in motion; her face was plain, its white, healthy color marred by freckles, its mouth ever generous. Her eyes, too, were large, with such honesty and sincerity in their depths of gray, they furnished the owner a certificate of character wherever she carried them. She had come into the kitchen, holding in one hand a cake, at which she glanced with something of the same fondness which an artist shows for a masterpiece. As she had entered the kitchen, she had stopped suddenly by the door, her large, bright eyes taking in quickly the details of the scene before her, while her face assumed an expression of such dismay, as brought a broad smile upon her companion's merry face. She hurriedly placed her cake upon the table, then ahrank back at her first glimpse of its greasy spots and kettle crock; her eyes roved to the floor and mopboard, where they seemed to transfix the dust with their steeley glance. There was an unwashed frying-pan on the hearth. She looked at it with eyes of pity; then turned, with the same expression, toward her companion. She made a quick, restive motion with her hand. "Wouldn't you," she said, falteringly, "like to have me—have me sweep a little for you, now I'm here? I like to sweep and clean, just as another woman likes to sing and play the piano."

"No," he said, laughing; "I think it is enough for one woman to clean out the cracks in her own floor with a hair-pin. I couldn't think of consenting to such waste of strength in my behalf."

She turned, with just a touch of vexation in her cheek.

"Good morning," she said abruptly, as she started across the piazza toward her own home. She hurried on, as if some important duty waited her coming. As she clicked the latch of the gate, she turned toward the house which she had just left. He was still standing there by the door; his face, which had been but a minute before, mirth-lit, had become suddenly grave. She saw it, and its reflection fell upon her own. Yes, she knew it was lonely over there. She went on slowly into the house. The room which she entered partook of her own character; it was small, dull in color, and spotlessly kept. Her mother, diminutive like herself, sat by the fire busily knitting, the lines of her withered, sharply-chaufed face showing clear above the white kerchief at her throat. She had the same gray eyes and the same grave earnestness.

"Well, what did he say to the cake, Amy?" asked the mother, looking over her spectacles at her daughter as she entered.

"He said he was obliged," replied Amy, drawing a chair up to the fire. "You ought to see the kitchen," she went on; "dirt and dust in heaps everywhere. You can't hardly see the table for the grease and crock," looking piteously at her mother; "and all the rest is just as bad. There is a frying-pan there that I shall remember as long as I live."

"What can we do?" asked the mother earnestly, laying aside her knitting, as if that impeded the course of thought; "what's to be done?"

"I don't know," said Amy, despairingly. "He wouldn't let me clean. I asked him again."

"I've thought sometimes," remarked the older woman, "that perhaps he don't like it—your not wanting to marry him; sort o' resents it, maybe."

"There'd be no sense in that," said Amy, with a show of energy and surprise. "You might as well blame me for liking pickles. My mind is set naturally on living single. I can't help it."

"He hasn't asked you lately, has he?" said the mother, when they were launched safely on the steady stream of work. Amy shook her head.

"Maybe he's getting tired of it," remarked the mother.

"I don't know," said Amy, a little crossly. "He says he asks me once a year; but that's his way joking about things that are no joke. It's but a half dozen times."

"It's too bad," said the mother, summing up the situation; "but what's to be done?"

That question presented itself often to the two women, as they sat around their own well-kept hearth, and thought of the kitchen in the house opposite. From time to time Amy ventured over with a cake and took note of the increase of dust.

"It's piling up on the mopboard," she said to her mother, who was ever an eager and sympathetic listener. "He scratches around with a broom sometimes; but he never hits the mopboard."

The frying-pan, too, appeared occasionally in its unwashed, unkempt condition; it had the forlorn air of one who had seen better days.

The winter wore away at last. When the spring had fairly come, the mother gladly came out of her winter prison house, and stepped briskly about the doorway, drawing on the accumulated wisdom of years, as she

offered suggestions about the soot of seeds and the preparation of soil. One morning, when John gone away, she and Amy with an of stealth such as would be pat to a soldier reconnoitering the ene went noiselessly to their neighbor house, crossed the piazza, and one long look at the begrimed, dust-weighted kitchen. A shade of gravity rested on the mother's face when she came away. "I were silent, returning, but as soon they reached their own home chattered like magpies over the tails of that unfortunate kitchen."

"I wish," said the mother, patting; "that I had never seen it, I shall carry the memory of it with me all my days."

Yet the place had a kind of fascination. They stole over again and ag to get a glimpse of it.

It was a fine moonlight winter evening. John and Amy had come home from church together. She had stepped a little beyond him, and had gone into her own little yard and closed the gate. How he hated the click of that gate! He was talking on, with the manifest purpose of keeping her there a minute. "Yes," he said, "it's been an open winter. I like snow, myself, plenty of it. I'd like to tunnel through the drifts once more. I'm growing old, I guess; nothing seems so good as it used to, not even the snow; that's colder and not so white. Everything is different but you, Amy; you never change."

"I think I grow old, too," said Amy. "No you don't; you're just the same girl you were 15 years ago. It takes something besides time to make people grow old. I'm getting gray myself." He laughed without apparent cause and pushed away the snow with his foot. "Amy," he said, merrily, as if he was about to tell an amusing story, "I haven't bothered you with that old annual question of mine this year, have I? I suppose it wouldn't be of any use, anyhow, would it?"

He was looking at her wistfully. They say that sometimes the mind works rapidly in the emergencies of life. There came to Amy a vision of that kitchen. A frying-pan, mute yet pleading, was on the hearth; a kettle, with rusty countenance, was asking for help; the dust on the mopboard flashed on her sight; she felt that it was making an appeal. At that minute it was borne in upon her that she had been appointed to a mission; she was to be an apostle of cleansing to that neglected board. She looked up, her eyes meeting his fairly, without a



"I suppose it wouldn't be any use, Anyhow, would it?"

shadow of hesitation or doubt. "I don't know," she said, simply. "I think perhaps there might."

"Are you sure?" he said.

"I'm afraid so," she faltered. He placed his hand upon the latch of the gate. She saw the motion and glanced quickly up at him, then turned and ran swiftly into the house.

John stood a minute as he were a little dazed by the sudden coming of his happiness; then he went slowly across to his house. There was a new light in his face, and a smile on his lips, and his home did not seem half so lonely, for he could already see, in fancy, a morsel of gray-gowned womanhood, sitting about those rooms. He sat till late that night, trying to realize his fortune, wondering how Amy had come to know her own heart, for he felt sure that, unaware, she had been fond of him all these years. He never knew how the dust on the mopboard had pleaded his cause, nor how his kettle had been gifted with a more persuasive voice than his, nor felt for them the affection that otherwise he might have regarded as their due.

It was not many months before the dust tasted water; the frying-pan once more learned the use of scouring sand; the table was freed from its burden of earth, and the whole kitchen was washed and re-washed, till it shone and shone again. The only hindrance to the good work was the frequent presence of a masculine giant, who picked up the small housewife, and held her up till her eyes were on a level with his own, "mused" her hair, took, as he said, "the starry look out of her mouth," and otherwise conducted himself "like a great boy." Still, she bore it with a better grace than one might have expected from such a prim little woman, and in after years, when she and her mother sat about their spotless hearth in the house once across the way, she has almost forgotten the influence of the dust, and fancies that it was solely a heart impulse that led her to her new home.

DO YOU DRINK

SOFT DRINKS?

The Greatest Cold Weather Drink is

"HOT TOM"

Made by the Pickens Bottling Works who have the exclusive right in this territory for putting it up. Beware of others claiming to put it up or having "something just as good."

We are the Only Distributors in This Territory.

Inquire of your friends about the Great Winter Drink,

"HOT TOM"

(TRADEMARK REGISTERED.)

"It touches the spot." It is a great cold-breaker. Get a keg out of this car-load—you might not get a chance later on. All orders filled promptly by

PICKENS BOTTLING WORKS.

R. L. Davis, Prop'r. ; ; Pickens, S. C.

A Holiday Assortment



is what is needed when selecting something for presentation.

A CHOICE BIT OF JEWELRY

will fill the bill. Your wants were in mind when buying the elegant stock of

Watches, Diamonds and Jewelry Sundries

on sale here for holiday trade. Come and see.

H. SNIDER,

Shoes. Shoes. Shoes?

We have a line of Shoes that we would be glad for you to see. Of course in seeing them is no money for us, but we know for you to see them and consider the quality, style and low price at which we are selling them you are sure to buy.

Below we quote a few prices that we feel cannot be beat anywhere:

Ladies Coarse Shoes:—1 lot no. 721 "Arthur's Perfection," Veal Calf polish, at \$1.15.

1 lot 401 "Domestic" Kangaroo polish at \$1.25.

1 lot Mule Skinn plaiu toe and cap. Special at \$1.55.

Fine Shoes.—Our "Virginia Girl" Patent Tip Shoe at \$1.50 can't be beat anywhere. It is as solid as a rock.

Men's Work Shoes:—No. 220, heavy Tan, Long Vamp, cap toe, at \$2.00.

Same as above in black at \$2.00.

"Messenger," a good "Brogan" at \$1.25 a pair. Size 6 to 11

Men's Fine Shoes:—A good Gun Metal at \$2.25.

"True Merit" Shoes in Patent or Gun Metal leathers at \$2.75. This is a good welced shoe and is equal to most of the \$3.50 shoes.

Little "Brogs" for the boys at \$1.15. We have a strong line of children's coarse shoes at 85c. and upward.

1,200 yards of heavy Outing; 10c value, at 8 1/2c per yard. We have this in almost any color or stripe.

Heavy Underwear for men, women and children at a good close price.

You should see our line of Fascinators, Scarfs and Shawls at 25c. and 50c.

When you are in the market for anything kept in a Variety Store you will do well to see our goods and get prices.

Let us fit you up in shoes for your whole family. We will make special prices on lots.

Yours to satisfy.

W. E. FREEMAN & CO.

"At the Old Stand."

BEATS SHINGLES!

We have stumbled onto a bargain in

Rubber Roofing

at less than factory cost, as follows:

1-ply Rubber Roofing at the extremely low price of per square, \$1.40

2-ply Rubber Roofing at the extremely low price of per square, \$1.80

Pickens Hardware Co.